

"What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and then said "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea,



and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!"

she remarked. "It tells t
doesn't tell what o'clock

"Why should it?" mu
your watch tell you what

"Of course not," Ali
"but that's because it sta
a long time together."

"Which is just the c
Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully p
mark seemed to her to
in it, and yet it was cer
quite understand you," s
could.

"The Dormouse is asl
ter, and he poured a
little hot tea upon its
nose.

The Dormouse shook
its head impatiently,
and said, without open-
ing its eyes, "Of course,
of course: just what I
was going to remark
myself."

"Have you guessed